THE SHEPHERDS *Hunting:*

Being,

CERTAINE EGLOGS written during the time of the Authors Impriſonment in the *Marſhalſey.*

BY

GEORGE VVITHER,

Gentleman.

LONDON:

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TO THOSE HONOVRED, NOBLE, AND RIGHT Vertuous Friends, my Visitants in the *Marshalsey*:

AND,

TO ALL OTHER, MY VNKNOWNE FAVOVRITES, who eyther piuately, or publiquely wished me well in my imprisonment.

Noble Friends: you whose vertues made me first in loue with Vertue: *and whose worths, made mee be thought worthy of your loues. I haue now at last (you see) by Gods*

To the Reader.

assistance and your encouragement, runne through the Purgatory *of imprisonment: and by the worthy favour of a iust* PRINCE, *stand free againe, without the least touch of deiected baseneſſe. Seeing therefore I was growne beyond my* Hope *ſo fortunate, (after acknowledgement of my Creators loue, together with the vnequall'd Clemency of ſo gracious a Soueraigne) I was troubled to thinke by what meanes I might expreſſe my thankfulneſſe to ſo many well-deſerving friends: No way I found to my deſire; neyther yet abilitie to performe when I found it. But at length conſidering with my ſelfe what you were, (that is) ſuch, who favour honeſtie for no ſecond reaſon but becauſe you your ſelues are good; and ayme at no other*

reward

To the Reader.

reward but the witneſſe of a ſound conſcience that you doe well, I found that thankfulneſſe would prove the acceptableſt preſent to ſute with your diſpoſitions; and that I imagined could be no way better expreſſed then in manifeſting your courteſies, and giuing conſent to your reaſonable demands. For the firſt, I confeſſe (with thankes to the diſpoſer of all things, and a true gratefull heart towards you,) ſo many were the vnexpected viſitations and vnhoped kindneſſes receiued both from ſome among you of my Acquaintance, and many other vnknowne Well-willers of my Cauſe, that I was perſwaded to entertaine a much better conceit of the Time *then I lately conceiued, and aſſured my ſelfe that*

To the Reader.

VERTVE *had farre more followers then I ſuppoſed.*

Somewhat it diſturbed mee to behold our ages Favourites, whilſt they frowned on my honeſt enterpriſes, to take vnto their protections the egregiouſſt fopperies: yet much more was my contentment, in that I was reſpected by ſo many of YOU, *amongſt whom there are ſome, who can and may as much diſ-eſteeme theſe, as they neglect me: nor could I feare their malice or contempt, whilſt I enioyed your fauours, who (howſoeuer you are vnder-valued by fooles for a time) ſhall leaue vnto your poſteritie ſo noble a memory, that your names ſhall be reuerenced by Kings, when many of theſe who now flouriſh with*

To the Reader.

a ſhew of vſurped Greatneſſe, *ſhall either weare out of being, or diſpoyled of all their patched reputation, grow contemptible in the eyes of their beloued Miſtreſſe the* World. *Your Loue is it that (enabling mee with patience to endure what is already paſt) hath made mee (alſo) carefull better to prepare my ſelfe for all future miſadventures, by bringing to my conſideration, what the paſſion, of my iuſt diſcontentments had almoſt quite baniſhed from my remembrance.*

Further, to declare my thankefulneſſe, in making apparant my willing minde to be commanded in any ſeruices of loue, which you ſhall thinke fit (though I want abilitie to performe great mat-

ters)

To the Reader.

ters) yet I haue according to ſome of your requeſts beene contented to giue way to the printing of theſe Eglogues, which though it to many ſeeme a ſleight matter, yet being well conſidered of, may proue a ſtrong argument of my readineſſe to gine you content in a greater matter: for they being (as you well know) begotten with little care, and preſerued with leſſe reſpect, gaue ſufficient euidence that I meant (rather then any way to deceiue your truſt) to giue the world occaſion of calling my diſcretion in queſtion, as I now aſſure my ſelfe This will: and the ſooner, becauſe ſuch expectations (I perceiue) there are of I know not what Inuentions, as would haue beene fruſtrated though I had employed

the

To the Reader.

the vtmoſt and very beſt of my endeuours.

Notwithſtanding, for your ſakes, I haue here aduentured once againe to make tryall of the worlds cenſures: and what hath receiued beeing, *from your* Loues, *I here rededicated to your* Worths, *which if your noble diſpoſitions will like well of: Or if you will but reaſonably reſpect what your ſelues drew mee vnto, I ſhall be nothing diſpleaſed at others cauils, but reſting my ſelfe contented with your good opinions, ſcorne all the rabble of vncharitable detractors: For none I know will maligne it except thoſe, who eyther particularly malice my perſon, or profeſſe themſelues enemies to my former Bookes; who (ſauing thoſe that were incenſed on others ſpeeches) as diuers of you (ac-*

cording

To the Reader.

cording to your proteſtations) haue obſerued, are eyther open enemies of our Church; men notoriouſly guilty of ſome particular Abuſes therein taxt, ſuch malicious Crittickes who haue the repute of being iudicious, by detracting from others; or at beſt ſuch Guls, as neuer approue any thing good, or learned, but eyther that which their ſhallow apprehenſions can apply to the ſoothing of their owne opinions, or what (indeede rather) they vnderſtand not.

Truſt me, how ill ſoeuer it hath beene rewarded, my loue to my Country is inuiolate: my thankefulneſſe to you vnfayned, my endeauour to doe euery man good; all my ayme content with honeſtie: and this my paines (if it may be ſo tearmed) more

to

To the Reader.

to auoid idlenes, then for affectation of praise: and if notwithstanding all this, I must yet, not onely rest my selfe content that my innocency hath escaped with strict imprisonment (to the impayring of my state, and hinderance of my fortunes) but also be constrayned to see my guiltlesse lines, suffer the despight of ill tongues: yet for my further encouragement, let mee entreat the continuance of your first respect, wherein I shall finde that comfort as will be sufficient to make mee set light and so much contemne all the malice of my aduersaries that ready to burst with the venome of their own hearts, they shall see

My Minde enamoured on faire *Vertues* ligh
Ascends the limits of their bleared sight,

An

To the Reader.

And plac'd aboue their *Enuy*, doth contemne,
Nay, ſit and laugh at their diſdaine and them.

But Noble Friends, *I make queſtion neyther of yours, nor any honeſt mans reſpect, and therefore will no further vrge it, nor trouble your patience: onely this Ile ſay, that you may not thinke me too well conceited of my ſelfe; though the* Time *were to blame in ill requiting my honeſt endeauours, which in the eyes of the world deſerued better, yet ſomewhat I am aſſured there was in mee worthy that puniſhment which when God ſhall giue mee grace to ſee and amend, I doubt not but to finde that regard as will be fitting for ſo much merit as my labours may iuſtly challenge. Meane*

while,

To the Reader.

while, the better to hold my ſelfe in eſteeme with you, and amend the worlds opinion of Vertue, *I will ſtudy to amend my ſelfe, that I may be yet more worthy to be called*

Your Friend,

GEO. WYTHER.

The first Eglogue.

ARGVMENT.

WILLY *teaues his Flocke a while,*
Visites ROGET *in exile;*
Where though prison'd, he doth finde
He's still free that's free in Minde:
And in trouble no defence
Is so firme as Innocence.

ROGET. WILLY.

Willy, thou now full *iolly* tun'st thy *Reeden*,
Making the *Nimphs* enamour'd on thy straines,
And whilst thy harmelesse Flocke vnscared feedes,
Hast the contentment, of Hills, Groues, and Plaines:
Trust me, I *say* thou and thy *Muse* so speedes
In such an Age, where so much mischiefe raignes:
And to my *Care* it some redresse will be,
Fortune hath so much *grace*, to smile on thee.

The Shepheards Hunting.

WILLY.

To ſmile on me? I nere yet knew her ſmile,
Vnleſſe 'twere when ſhe purpos'd to deceiue me;
Many a *Trayne*, and many a *painted wile*
She caſts, in hope of *Freedome* to bereaue me:
Yet now, becauſe ſhe ſees I ſcorne her guile
To fawne on fooles, ſhe for my *Muſe* doth leaue me,
And here of late, her wonted *ſpite* doth tend,
To worke me *care*, by frowning on my *friend*.

ROGET.

Why then I ſee her *Copper-coyne's* no ſtarling,
'Twill not be *currant* ſtill, for all the *guilding*,
A *Knaue*, or *Foole* muſt euer be her *Darling*:
For they haue mindes to all occaſions yeelding:
If we get any thing by all our parling
It ſeemes an *Apple*, but it proues a *weilding*:
But let that paſſe; ſweet *Shepheard* tell me this,
For what beloued *friend* thy ſorrow is.

Wrong

The Shepheards Hunting.

WILLY.

Wrong me not *Roget*: do'ſt thou ſuffer heere,
And aske me for what *friend* it is I greeue?
Can I ſuppoſe thy loue to me is deere,
Or this thy *ioy* for my *content* beleeue:
When thou think'ſt thy *cares* touch not me as neere,
Or that I pinne thy *ſorrowes* at my ſleeue?
Roget, my faith in thee hath had that truſt,
I neuer thought to finde thee ſo vniuſt.

ROGET.

Why *Willy*? WILLY: Prethee do not aske me why,
Doth it diminiſh any of thy *care*,
That I in freedome maken *melody*,
And think'ſt I cannot as well ſomewhat ſpare
From my *delight*, to mone thy *miſerie*?
Tis time our *Loues* ſhould theſe ſuſpects forbeare:
Thou art that friend, which thou vnmam'd ſhould'ſt know,
And not haue drawn my loue in quéſtion ſo.

The Shepheards Hunting.

ROGET.

Forgiue me, and I'le pardon thy miſtake,
And ſo ſhall this thy *gentle-anger* ceaſe,
(I neuer of thy loue will queſtion make)
Whilſt that the number of our dayes encreaſe,
Yet to my ſeiſe, I much might ſeeme to take,
And ſomething neere vnto preſumption preaſe:
To thinke me worthy *loue* from ſuch a *ſpirit*,
But that I know thy kindneſſe, paſt my merit.

Beſides; me thought thou ſpak'ſt now of a friend,
That ſeem'd more grieuous diſcontents to beare,
Some things I finde that doe in ſhew offend,
Which to my Patience little trouble are,
And they e're long I hope will haue an end,
Or though they haue not, much I doe not care:
So this it was made me that queſtion moue,
And not ſuſpect of honeſt *Willies* loue.

Alas,

The Shepheards Hunting.

WILLY.

Alas, thou art exiled from thy Flocke,
And quite beyond the *Defarts* here confin'd,
Haſt nothing to conuerſe with but a *Rocke*,
Or at leaſt *Out-lawes* in their *Caues* halfe pin'd,
And do'ſt thou at thy owne misfortune mocke,
Making thy ſelfe to; to thy ſelfe vnkinde?
When heretofore we talk't we did embrace:
But now I ſcarce can come to ſee thy face.

ROGET.

Yet all that, *Willy*, is not worth thy ſorrow,
For I haue *Mirth*, here thou would'ſt not beleeue,
From deepeſt *cares* the higheſt *ioyes* I borrow:
If ought chaunce out this day, may make me grieue,
I'le learne to mend, or ſcorne it by to morrow,
This barren place yeelds ſomewhat to relieue:
For I haue found ſufficient to content me,
And more true bliſſe, then euer freedome lent me.

The Shepheards Hunting.

WILLY.

Are *Prisons* then growne places of delight?

ROGET.

Tis as the *conscience* of the *Prisoner* is,
The very *Grates* are able to affright
The guilty Man, that knowes his deedes amisse,
All outward *Pleasures* are exiled quite,
And it is nothing (of it selfe) but this:
Abhorred loanenesse, darknesse, sadnesse, paines,
Numm'd-cold, sharp-hunger, scorching thirst & chaines.

WILLY.

And these are nothing?

ROGET.

——————Nothing yet to mee,
Onely my friends restraint is all my *paine*,
And since I truly finde my *conscience* free
From that my *loanenesse* to, I reape some gaine.

But

The Shepheards Hunting.

WILLY.

But graunt in this no diſcontentment be,
It doth thy wiſhed liberty reſtraine,
And to thy *ſoule* I thinke there's nothing nearer,
For I could neuer heare thee prize ought dearer.

ROGET.

True, I did euer ſet it at a Rate,
Too deere for any *Mortal's* worth to buy,
Tis not our greateſt *Shepheard's* whole eſtate,
Shall purchaſe from me, my leaſt *liberty*,
But I am ſubiect to the powers of *Fate*,
And to obey them is no *ſlauery*:
They may do much, but when they haue done all,
Onely my *body* they may bring in *thrall*.

And 'tis not that (my *Willy*) 'tis my *minde*,
My *minde's* more pretious freedome I ſo weigh
A thouſand wayes they may my *body* binde,

The Shepheards Hunting.

In thousand *thralls*, but ne're my minde betray,
And t'ence it is that I *contentment* finde,
And beare with *Patience* this my ioade away:
I me stil my selfe, and that I'de rather bee,
Then to be *Lord* of all *these Downes* in see.

WILLY.

Nobly resolu'd, and I doe ioy to hear't,
For 'tis the *minde* of *Man* indeede that's all,
There's nought so hard but a *brave* heart will beat't,
And *guiltlesse men* count great *afflictions* small,
Their'le looke on *Death* and *Torment*, yet not fear't,
Because they know *'tis rising so to fall*:
Tyrants may boast they to much *power* are borne,
Yet he hath more that *Tyranies* can scorne.

ROGET.

'Tis right, but I no *Tyranies* endure,
Nor haue I suffred ought worth name of care.

What

The Shepheards Hunting.

WILLY.

What ere thou'lt call't, thou may'ſt, but I am ſure,
Many more pine that much leſſe payned are,
Thy looke me thinks doth ſay thy meaning's pure,
And by this paſt I finde what thou do'ſt dare:
But I could neuer yet the *reaſon* know,
Why thou art lodged in this houſe of woe.

ROGET.

Nor I by *Pan*, nor neuer hope to doe,
But thus it pleaſes ſome; and I doe geſſe
Partly a *cauſe* that moues them there-vnto,
Which neither will auaile me to expreſſe,
Nor thee to heare, and therefore let it goe,
We muſt not ſay, they doe ſo, that oppreſſe:
Yet I ſhall ne're to ſooth *them* or the *times*,
Iniure my ſelfe by bearing others *crimes*.

WILLY.

Then now thou may'ſt ſpeake freely, there's none (heares,
But he whom I doe hope thou do'ſt not doubt.
True;

The Shepheards Hunting.

ROGET.

True; but if *dores* and *walles* haue gotten *eares*,
And *Closet-whisperings* may be spread about:
Doe not blame him that in such *causes* feares
What in his *Passion* he may blunder out:
In such a *place*, and such strict *times* as these,
Where what we speake is tooke as *others* please.

But yet to morrow if thou come this way,
Ile tell thee all my story to the end,
Tis long, and now I feare thou canst not stay,
Because thy Flocke must watred be and pend,
And *Night* begins to muffle vp the day,
Which to informe thee how alone I spend,
Ile onely sing a sorrie *Prisoners Lay*,
I fram'd this *Morne*, which though it suits not fields,
Is such as fits me, and sad *Thraldome* yeelds,

WILLY.

Well, I will set my *Kit* another string,
And play vnto it whil'st that thou do'st sing

SONNET.

SONNET.

ROGET.

NOw that my body dead-alive,
Bereau'd of comfort lies in thrall.
Doe thou my ſoule begin to thriue,
And vnto Honey, turne this Gall:
So ſhall we both through outward wee,
The way to inward comfort know.

For as that Foode my Fleſh I giue,
Doth keepe in me this Mortall breath:
So ſoules on Meditations liue,
And ſhunne thereby immortall Death:
Nor art thou euer nearer reſt,
Then when thou find'ſt me moſt oppreſt.

Firſt thinke my ſoule; if I haue Foes
That take a pleaſure in my care,

And

The Shepheard's Hunting.

And to procure these outward woes,
Have thus entrapt me vnawares:
Thou shouldst by much more carefull bee,
Since greater Foes lay waite for thee.

Then when Mew'd vp in grates of steele,
Minding those ioyes mine eyes doe misse,
Thou find'st no Torment thou do'st feele,
So grieuous as Priuation is:
Muse how the damn'd in flames that glow,
Pine in the losse of blisse they know.

Thou seest there's giuen so great might
To some that are but clay as I,
Their very anger can affright,
Which if in any thou espie
Thus thinke, if Mortall's frownes strike feare,
How dreadfull will Gods wrath appeare?

By

The Shepheards Hunting.

By my late hopes that now are croſt,
Conſider thoſe that firmer bee,
And make the freedome I haue loſt,
A meanes that may remember thee:
Had Chriſt not thy Redeemer bin,
What horrid thrall thou had'ſt beene in

Theſe iron chaines the bolt's of ſteele,
Which other poore offenders grinde,
The wants, and cares which they doe feele,
May bring ſome greater thing to minde:
For by their griefe thou ſhalt doe well,
To thinke vpon the paines of Hell.

Or when through me, thou ſeeſt a Man
Condemn'd vnto a mortall death,
How ſad he lookes, how pale, how wan,
Drawing with Feare his panting breath:
Thinke if in that ſuch griefe thou ſee,
How ſad will, Goe yee curſed bee.

Againe, when he that fear'd to Dye
(Past hope) doth see his Pardon brought,
Reade but the ioy that's in his eye,
And then conuay it to thy thought:
There thinke betwixt my heart and thee,
How sweet will, come yee blessed, *bee.*

Thus if thou doe, though closed here,
My bondage I shall deeme the lesse,
I neither shall haue cause to feare,
Nor yet bewaile my sad distresse:
For whether liue, or pine, or dye,
We shall haue blisse eternally.

WILLY.

Trust me I see the *Cage* doth some *Birds* good,
And if they doe not suffer too much wrong,
Will teach them sweeter descants then the Wood:
Beleeue't, I like the subiect of thy *Song*,

It

The Shepheards Hunting.

It ſhewes thou art in no diſtempred moode,
But cauſe to heare the reſidue I long:
My Sheepe to morrow I will neerer bring,
And ſpend the day to heare thee talke and ſing.

Yet e're we part, *Roget* to me areed,
Of whó thou learn'dſt to make ſuch Songs as theſe,
I neuer yet heard any Shepheards reede
Tune in miſhap, a ſtraine that more could pleaſe,
Surely thou do'ſt muoke at this thy neede.
Some power, that we neglect in other layes:
For here's a Name, and words, that but few ſwaines
Haue mention'd at their meting on the Plaines.

ROGET.

Indeede 'tis true; and they are ſore to blame,
They doe ſo much neglect it in their Songs,
For, thence proceedeth ſuch a worthy fame,
As is not ſubiect vnto Enuies wrongs:

That

The Shepheards Hunting.

That is the moſt to be reſpected name
Of our true *Pan*, whoſe worth ſits on all tongues:
And the moſt auncient Shepheards vſe to praiſe
In ſacred *Anthemes* ſung on Holy-dayes.

He that firſt taught his Muſicke ſuch a ſtraine,
Was that ſweet Shepheard, who (vntill a King)
Kept Sheepe vpon the honey milkie Plaine,
That is enritch't by *Iordans* watering;
He in his troubles eas'd the bodies paines,
By meaſures rais'd to the ſoules rauiſhing:
And his ſweet numbers onely moſt deuine,
Gaue the firſt being to this Song of mine.

WILLY.

Let his good ſpirit euer with thee dwell,
That I might heare ſuch Muſicke euery day.

Thanks;

ROGET.

Thanks; but would now it pleaſed thee to play.
Yet ſure 'tis late thy *Weather* rings his Bell,
And *Swaines* to folde, or homeward driue away.

WILLY.

And yon goes *Cuddy*, therefore fare thou well:
I'le make his Sheepe for me a liule ſtay,
And if thou thinke it fit I'le bring him to,
Next morning hither.

ROGET. Prethee *Willy* doo.

FINIS.

The second Eglogue.

ARGVMENT.

CVDDY tells how all the Swaines,
Patty ROGET *on the Plaines:*
Who requested, doth relate
The true cause of his estate,
Which broke off, because 'twas long,
They begun a three-mans Song.

WILLY. CVDDY. ROGET.

Roget, thy olde friend *Cuddy* here and I,
Are come to visite thee in these thy bands,
Whil'st both our Flockes in an *Inclosure* by
Doe picke the thinne grasse from the fallowed lands.
He tells me thy restraint of liberty
Each one throughout the Country vnderstands:
And there is not a gentle-natur'd *Lad*,
On all these *Downes* but for thy sake is sad.

Not

The Shepheards Hunting.

CVDDY.

Not thy acquaintance and thy friends alone.
Pitty thy close restraint, as friends should doe:
But some that have but seene thee for thee moane:
Yea, many that did neuer see thee so.
Some deeme thee in a fault, and most in none;
So diuers wayes doe diuers *rumours* goe:
And at all meetings where our *Shepheards* be,
Now the maine Mewes that's extant is of thee.

ROGET.

Why, this is somewhat yet: had I but kept
Sheepe on the *Mountaines*, till the day of doome,
My *name* should in obscurity haue slept,
In *Brakes*, in *Briars*, *scrubbed Furze* and *Broome*.
Into the worlds wide care it had not crept,
Nor in so many mens thoughts found a roome:
But what cause of my selfe in's doe they know?
Good *Cuddy* tell me how doth *rumour* goe.

The Shepheards Hunting.

CVDDY.

Faith 'tis vncertaine, ſome ſpeake this, ſome that:
Some dare ſay nought, yet ſeeme to thinke a cauſe,
And many a one prating he knowes not what,
Comes out with *Prouerbes* and *olde auncient ſawes*,
As if he thought thee guiltleſſe, and yet not:
Then doth he ſpeake halfe *ſentences*, then pauſe:
That what the moſt would ſay, we may ſuppoſe,
But what to ſay the *rumour* is, none knowes.

ROGET.

Nor care I greatly, for it skills not much,
What the vnſteady common-people deemes,
His *conſcience* doth not alwaies feele leaſt touch,
That blameleſſe in the ſight of others ſeemes:
My cauſe is honeſt, and becauſe 'tis ſuch,
I holde it ſo, and not for Mens eſteemes:
If they ſpeake iuſtly well of me, I'me glad;
If falſly euill, it ne're makes me ſad.

I like

The Shepheards Hunting.

WILLY.

I like that minde, but *Roget* you are quite
Beside the matter that I long to heare:
Remember what you promis'd yester-night,
Youl'd put vs off with other talke I feare;
Thou know'ſt that honeſt *Cuddies* heart's vpright,
And none but he, except my ſelfe is neare:
Come therefore, and betwixt vs two relate
The true occaſion of thy preſent ſtate.

ROGET.

My friends I will; You know I am a *Swaine*,
That kept a poore Flocke here vpon this *Plaine*,
Who though it ſeemes, I could doe nothing leſſe,
Can make a *Song*, and woe a *Shepheardeſſe*,
And not alone the faireſt where I liue,
Haue heard me ſing, and fauours daign'd to giue:
But though I ſay't, the *nobleſt Nimph* of *Thame*,
Hath grac'd my *Verſe* vnto my greater fame.

The Shepheards Hunting.

Yet being young, and not much seeking praise,
I was not noted out for *Shepheards layes*,
Nor feeding Flockes, yea vnowne as others be:
For the delight that most possessed me
Was hunting *Foxes*, *Wolues*, and *Beasts* of *Pray*:
That spoile our *Fouldes*, and beare our *Lambs* away:
For this as also for the loue I beare
Vnto my *Country*, I lay'd by all *care*
Of *gaine*, or of *preferment*, with *desire*
Onely to keepe that flare I had entire,
And like a true groane *Hunts man* fought to speede
My selfe with *Hounds* of race and choysest breede,
Whose *Names* and *Natures* ere I further goe,
Because you are my friends I'le let you know.
My first esteemed Dogge that I did finde,
Was by *descent* of olde *Acteons* kinde;
A *Bracke*, which if I doe not ayme amisse,
For all the world is iust like one of his;
She's named *Loue*, and scarce yet knowes her duty;
Her Dammes my Ladies pretty *Beagle Beauty*

I bred

The Shepheards Hunting.

I bred her vp my ſelfe with wondrous charge,
Vntill ſhe grew to be exceeding large,
And waxt ſo wanton that I did abhorre it,
And put her out amongſt my Neighbours for it.
The next is *Luſt*, a Hound that's kept abroad,
Mongſt ſome of mine acquaintance, but a Toad
Is not more loathſome: 'tis a Curre will range
Extreamely, and is euer full of mange,
And cauſe it is infectious, ſhe's not wont
To come among the reſt, but when they hunt.
Hate is the third, a Hound both deepe and long.
His *Sire* is *True*, or elſe ſuppoſed *wrong*.
He'le haue a ſnap at all that paſſe him by,
And yet purſues his game moſt eagerly.
With him goes *Enuie* coupled, a leane Curre;
And ſhe'le hold out hunt we ne're ſo farre,
She pineth much, and feedeth little to,
Yet ſtands and ſnarleth at the reſt that doe.
Then there's *Reuenge*, a wondrous deepe-mouth'd (dog,
So fleet, I'me faine to hunt him with a clog,

The Shepheards Hunting.

Yet many times he'le much out-ſtrip his bounds,
And hunts not cloſely with the other Hounds,
He'le venter on a *Lion* in his *ire:*
Curſt *Choller* was his damme, and *wrong* his *Sire.*
This *Choller* is a *Bracke*, that's very olde,
And ſpends her mouth too much to haue it holde:
She's very teaſty, an vnpleaſing Curre,
That bites the very ſtones, if they but ſturre:
Or when that ought but her diſpleaſure moues,
She'le bite and ſnap at any one ſhe loues:
But my quicke-ſented'ſt Dogge is *Iealouſie*,
The truelt of this breede's in *Italy*:
The Damme of mine would hardly fill a Gloue,
It was a *Ladies* little Dogge, call'd *Loue:*
The *Sire* a poore deformed Curre nam'd *Feare*,
As ſhagged and as rough as is a *Beare*,
And yet the Whelpe turn'd after neither kinde,
For he is very large, and ne're-hand blinde.
At the firſt ſight he hath a pretty culler,
But doth not ſeeme ſo when you view him fuller.

The Shepheards Hunting.

A vile ſuſpitious beaſt, his lookes are bad,
And I doe feare in time he will grow mad.
To him I couple *Anarice*, ſtill poore,
Yet ſhe deuoures as much as twenty more:
A thouſand Horſe ſhe in her paunch can put,
Yet whine as if ſhe had an empty gut.
And hauing gorg'd what might a land haue found,
She'le catch for more, and hide it in the ground.
Ambition is a Hound as greedy full,
But he for all the daintieſt bits doth cull:
He ſcornes to licke vp crummes beneath the Table,
He'le fetch't from boards and ſhelues if he be able,
Nay, he can climbe if neede be, and for that,
With him I hunt the *Martine* and the *Cat*.
And yet ſometimes in mounting he's ſo quicke,
He fetches falls, are like to breake his necke.
Feare is well-mouth'd, but ſubiect to *Diſtruſt*.
A ſtranger cannot make him take a cruſt.
A little thing will ſoone his courage quaile,
And 'twixt his legges he euer claps his taile.

With

The Shepheards Hunting.

VVith him *Despaire* often coupled goes,
Which by his roaring mouth each *hunts-man* knowes.
None hath a better minde vnto the game,
But he giues off, and alwayes seemeth lame.
My bloud-hound *Cruelty*, as swift as winde,
Hunts to the death, and neuer comes behinde;
Who but she's strapt and mussled to withall,
Would eate her fellowes, and the pray and all,
And yet she cares not much for any food,
Vnlesse it be the purest harmelesse blood.
All these are kept abroad at charge of menny,
They doe not cost me in a yeare a penny.
But there's two coupling of a midling size,
That seldome passe the sight of my owne eyes.
Hope, on whose head I've led my life to pawne.
Compassion, that on euery one will fawne.
This would when 'twas a Whelpe with *Rabets* play,
Or *Lambs*, and let them goe vnhurt away:
Nay, now she is of growth, she'le now and then,
Catch you a *Hare*, and let her goe agen.

The

The Shepheards Hunting.

The two laſt, *Ioy* and *Sorrow*, *'tis a wonder*,
Can ne're agree, nor ne're bide farre aſunder.
Ioye's euer wanton, and no order knowes,
She'le run at *Larkes*, or ſtand and barke at *Crowes*,
Sorrow goes by her, and ne're moues his eye,
Yet both doe ſeeme to helpe make vp the cry:
Then comes behinde all theſe to beare the baſe,
Two couple more of a larger Race, (good
Such wide-mouth'd *Trollops*, that 'twould doe you
To heare their loud land *Ecchoes* teare the wood.
There's *Vanity*, who by his gaudy hide,
May farre away from all the reſt be ſpide,
Though huge, yet quick, for he's now here, now there,
Nay, looke about you, and he's euery where,
And euer with the reſt, and ſtill in chaſe:
Right ſo, *Inconſtancie* fills euery place,
And yet ſo ſtrange a fickle natur'd Hound,
Looke for him, and he's no where to be found,
Weakeneſſe is no faire dogge vnto the eye,
And yet he hath his proper quality:

But

The Shepheards Hunting.

But there's *Preſumption* when he heat hath got,
He drownes the *Thunder*, and the *Canon-ſhot:*
And when at Start he his full roaring makes,
The earth doth tremble, and the Heauen ſhakes.
Theſe were my Dogges, tenne couple iuſt in all,
Whom by the name of *Satyres* I doe call:
Mad Curres they be, and I can ne're come nigh them,
But I'me in danger to be bitten by them.
Much paines I tooke, and ſpent dayes not a fewe,
To make them keepe together, and hunt true:
Which yet I doe ſuppoſe had neuer bin,
But that I had a *Scourge* to keepe them in.
Now when that I this Kennell firſt had got,
Out of my owne demeanes I hunted not,
Saue on theſe Downes, or among yonder *Rockes*,
After thoſe Beaſts that ſpoyl'd our Pariſh Flockes:
Nor during that time, was I euer wont,
With all my Kennell in one day to hunt:
Nor had done yet, but that this other yeere,
Some Beaſts of *Pray*, that haunts the *Deſarts* heere

Did

The Shepheards Hunting.

Did not alone for many *nights* together
Deuoure, ſometime a *Lambe*, ſometime a *Weather*,
And ſo diſquiet many a poore mans Heard,
But that of looſing all they were afeard:
Yea, I among the reſt did fare as bad.
Or rather worſe for the beſt * *Ewes* I had, * *Hopes.*
(Whoſe breed ſhould be my meanes of life & gaine)
Were in one Euening by theſe *Monſters* ſlaine:
Which Miſchiefe I reſolued to repay,
Or elſe grow deſp'rate, and hunt all away,
For in a fury (ſuch as you ſhall ſee
Hunts-men in miſſing of their ſport will bee)
I vow'd a *Monſter* ſhould not lurke about,
In all this *Prouince*, but I'de finde him out,
And there-vpon without reſpect or *care*,
How *lame*, how *full*, or how *vnfit* they were.
In haſt vnkennell'd all my roaring crew,
Who were as mad as if my minde they knew,
And e're they trayl'd a flight-ſhot, the fierce Curres
Had rows'd a *Hart*, and through *Brakes* and *Furres*,

Follow'd

The Shepheards Hunting.

Follow'd at gaze so close that *Loue* and *Feare*
Got in together, so had surely there
Quite ouerthrowne him, but that *Hope* thrust in
'Twixt both, and sau'd the pinching of his skin,
Whereby he scap't, till coursing ouerthwart,
Despaire came in, and grip'd him to the hart,
I hallowed in the residue to the fall,
And for an entrance there I flesh't them all,
Which hauing done, I dip'd my staffe in blood,
And onward led my *Thunder* to the wood,
Where what they did, I'le tell you out anon,
My keeper calls me, and I must be gon.
Goe if you please a while, attend your Flocker,
And when the *Sunne* is ouer yonder Rockes,
Come to this *Caue* againe where I will be,
If that my *Gardian* so much fauour me.
But e're we part, let each one sing a straine,
And then goe turne your Sheepe into the Plaine

I am

The Shepheards Hunting.

WILLY.

I am content.

CVDDY. As well content am I.

ROGET.

Then *Will*, Begin, and we'le the reſt ſupply.

SONG.

WILLY.

SHepheard would theſe Gates were ope,
Then might'ſt take with vs thy fortune.

ROGET.

No, I'le make this narrow ſcope,
Since my Fate doth ſo importune
Meanes vnto a wider hope.

CVDDY.

The Shepheards Hunting.

CVDDY.

Would thy Shepheardesse were here,
Who beleev'd, loues thee so deerely.

ROGET.

Not for both your Flockes I sweare.
And the game they yeeld you yearely,
Would I so much wrong my Deare.

Yet to me, nor to this Place,
Would she now be long a stranger,
She would holde it no disgrace,
(if she fear'd not more my danger)
Where I am to shew her face.

WILLY.

Shepheard, we would wish no harmes,
But something that might content thee

Wish

ROGET.

Wiſh me then within her armes,
And that wiſh will ne're repent me,
If your wiſhes might prove charmes.

WILLY.

Be thy Priſon her embrace,
Be thy ayre her ſweeteſt breathing.

CVDDY.

Be thy proſpect her fayre Face,
For each looke a kiſſe bequeathing,
And appoint thy ſelfe the place.

The Shepheards Hunting.

ROGET.

Nay pray, hold there, for I should scantly then,
Come meet you heere this afternoone agen:
But fare you well. since wishes haue no power,
Let vs depart, and keepe the pointed houre.

FINIS.

The third Eglogue.

ARGVMENT.

ROGET set with his three friends,
Here his hunting story ends;
Kind ALEXIS with much ruth,
Wailes the banish'd Shepheards youth:
But he slighteth Fortunes stings,
And in spight of Thraldome sings.

ROGET. CVDDY. ALEXIS. WILLY.

SO now I see y'are *Shepheards* of your word,
Thus were you wont to promise, and to do.

CVDDY.

More then our promise is we can afford,
We come our selues, and bring another to:
Alexis whom thou know'st well, is no foe
Who loues thee much, and I doe know that hee
Would faine a hearer of thy Hunting be.

The Shepheards Hunting.

ROGET.

Alexis you are welcome, for you know
You cannot be but welcome where I am,
You euer were a friend of mine in show:
And I haue found you are indeed the same,
Vpon my first restraint you hither came,
And proffered me more tokens of your loue,
Then it were fit my small deserts should proue.

ALEXIS.

T'is still your vse to vnderprise your merit,
Be not so coy to take my proffered loue;
T'will neither vnbeseeme your *worth* nor *spirit*,
To offer curt'sie doth thy friend behoue,
And which are so, this is a place to proue:
Then once againe I say, if *cause* there be,
First make a *tryall*, if thou please, of me.

ROGET.

The Shepheards Hunting.

ROGET.

Thankes good *Alexis*; ſit downe by me heere,
I haue a taske, theſe *Shepheards* know, to doe;
A *Tale* already told this Morne well neere.
With which I very fayne would forward go,
And am as willing thou ſhouldſt heare it to:
But thou canſt neuer vnderſtand this laſt,
Till I haue alſo told thee what is paſt.

WILLY.

Roget it ſhall not need, for I preſum'd,
Your loues to each were firme, and was ſo bold,
That ſo much on my ſelfe I haue aſſum'd,
To make him know what is already told:
If I haue done amiſſe then you may ſcolde.
But in my telling I preuiſed this,
Hee knowes not whoſe, nor to what end it is:

The Shepheards Hunting.

ROGER.

Well now he may, for here my Tale goes on,
My eager Dogges and I to Wood are gon,
Where beating through the *Coverts* euery Hound
A seuerall *Game* had in a moment found:
I rated them, but they pursu'd their pray,
And as it fell (by happe) tooke all one way.
Then I began with quicker speed to follow,
And incaz'd them on with a more cheerfull hallow,
That soone we passed many weary miles,
Tracing the subtile game through all theſe wiles.
Theſe doubl'd, they redoubled on the sent,
Still keeping in full chaſe where ere they went,
Vp *Hilles*, downe *Cliffes*, through *Bogges*, and ouer *Plains*,
Stretching their *muſicke* to the higheſt ſtrains
That when ſome Thicket hid them from mine eye,
My eare was rauiſh'd with their melody.
Nor croſt we onely Ditches, Hedges, Furrowes,
But Hamlets, Tithings, Pariſhes, and Burrowes.
They followed where ſo eu'r the game did goe
Through Kitchin, Parler, Hall, and Chamber too,

And

And as they paſſ'd the *City* and the *Court*,
My *Prince* look'd out, and daign'd to view my ſport,
Which then (although I ſuffer for it now)
(If ſome ſay true) hee liking, did allow;
And ſo much (had I had but wit to ſtay)
I might my ſelfe (perhaps) haue heard him ſay,
But I that time, as much as any daring,
More for my pleaſure then my ſafety caring;
Seeing freſh game from euery loope-hole riſe,
Croſſing by thouſands ſtill before their eyes.
After I ruſh'd, and following cloſe my *Hounds*
Some Beaſtes I found lye dead, ſome full of wounds
Among the Willows, ſcarce with ſtrength to moue
One I found here, another there, whom *Loue*
Had grip'd to death: and in the ſelfe-ſame ſtate,
Lay one deuour'd by *Enuy*, one by *Hate*,
Luſt had bit ſome, but I ſoone paſt beſide them,
Their feſtered wounds ſo ſtuncke, none could abide
Choller hurt diuers, but *Reuenge* kil'd more,
Feare frighted all, behind him and before:

The Shepheards Hunting.

Deſpayre droue on a huge and mighty heape,
Forcing ſome downe from *Rockes* and *Hils* to leape:
Some into water, ſome into the fire,
So on themſelues hee made them wreake his *ire*:
But I remember as I paſs'd that way,
Where the great *King* and *Prince* of *Shepheards* lay,
About the walles were hid ſome once more knowne,
That my fell Curre *Ambition* had o'rethrowne.
Many I heard purſu'd by *Pitty* cry,
And oft I ſaw my *Blood-Hound Cruelty*,
Eating her paſſage euen to the hart,
Whither once gotten, ſhee is loath to part.
All pli'd it well, and made ſo loud a *plea*,
T'was heard through *Britan*, and beyond the *Sea*;
Some rated them, ſome ſtorm'd, ſome lik'd the game,
Some thoght me worthy *praiſe*, ſome worthy *blame*.
But I not fearing th'one, miſteeming t'other,
Both, in ſhrill hallowes and loud yernings ſmother:
Yea, the ſtrong merled and my long-breath'd crew,
Seeing the *game* encreaſing in their view,

Grew

Grew the more frolicke, and the courſes length
Gaue better breath, and added to their ſtrength;
Which *Ioue* perceiuing, for *Ioue* heard their cryes
Rumbling amongſt the *Spheares concauities*:
He mark'd their *courſe* and *courages* encreaſe,
Saying, t'were pitty ſuch a chaſe ſhould ceaſe;
And therewith ſwore their mouthes ſhould neuer waſt
But hunt as long's mortalitie did laſt.
Soone did they feele the power of his great gift,
And I began to finde their pace more ſwift:
I follow'd, and I rated, but in vaine,
Striu'd to o'retake, or take them vp againe;
They neuer ſtay'd ſince, neither nights nor dayes,
But to and fro ſtill runne a thouſand wayes:
Yea often to this place where now I lye,
They'l wheel about to cheere me with their cry;
And one day in good time will vengeance take
On ſome offenders, for their Maſters ſake:
For know, my Friends, my freedome in this ſort
For them I loſe, and making my ſelfe ſport.

WILLY.

The Shepheards Hunting.

WILLY.

VVhy *Roget*, was there any harme in this?

ROGET.

No *Willy*, and I hope yet none there is.

WILLY.

How comes this then?

ROGET. Note and I'le tell thee how.
Thou know'st that *Truth* and *Innocency* now,
If plac'd with meanenesse, suffers more despight
Then *Villanies*, accompan'ed with might:
But thus it fell, while that my *Hound* pursu'd
Their noysome pray, and every field lay strew'd
With *Monsters*, hurt and slaine mongst many a beast,
Some viler, and more subtile then the rest,
On whom the Bitch cal'd *Envy*, hap't to light:
And as her wont is, did so surely bite,
That though she left behind small outward smarts,
The wounds were deepe, and wrankled to their harts.
Then ioyning to some other that of late
Were very eagerly pursu'd by *Hate*,

To

The Shepheards Hunting.

To fit their purpose hauing taken leasure,
Did thus conspire to worke me a displeasure.
For imitation farre supassing *Apes*,
They layd aside their *Foxe*, and *Woolnish shapes*,
And shrowded in the skinnes of harmeletle sheepe
Into by-wayes, and open-pathes did creepe,
Where they (as hardly drawing breath) did ly,
Shewing their wounds to euery passer by;
To make them thinke that they were sheepe so foil'd
And by my dogges in their late hunting spoyl'd.
Beside some other that enuy'd my game,
And for their pastime kept such *Monsters* tame:
As you doe know there's many for their pleasure,
Keepe Foxes, Beares, and Wolues, as some great treasure:
Yea, many get their liuing by them to,
And so did more of these, I speake of do,
Who seeing that my *Kennell* had affrighted,
Or hurt some *Vermine* wherein they delighted.
And finding their owne power by much too weake
Their *Malice* on my *Innocence* to wreake,

Swolne

The Shepheards Hunting.

Swolne with the deepeſt rancour of deſpight,
Some of our greateſt *Shepheards* foldes by night
They cloſely entred; and there hauing ſtain'd
Their hands in *villany*, of me they plain'd;
Affirming, without *ſhame* or *honeſty*,
I and my Dogges had done it purpoſely:
Whereat they ſtorm'd, and call'd me to a *tryall*,
Where *Innocence* preuails not, nor *denyall*,
But for that *cauſe* here in this place I ly,
Where none ſo merry as my dogges and I.

CVDDY.

Beleeue it, here's a *Tale* will ſuten well,
For *Shepheards* in another Age to tell.

WILLY.

And *Roget* ſhall be thought on with delight,
For this hereafter many a *Winters night*,

For

For of this ſport another Age will ring:
Yea, *Nymphes* vnborne now, of the ſame ſhall ſing,
When not a *beauty* on our greenes ſhall play
That hath not heard of *Rogets* hunting day.

ROGET.

It may be ſo, for if that gentle *Swaine*,
Who wonnes by *Tawy*, on the *weſterne plaine*,
Would make the *Song*, ſuch life his *verſe* can giue,
Then I doe know my *Name* might euer liue.

ALEXIS.

But tell me; are our *Playnes* and *Nimphes* forgot,
And canſt thou frolicke in thy trouble be?

ROGET.

Can I *Alexis* ſayſt thou? Can I not
That am reſolu'd to ſcorne more miſery?

ALEXIS.

The Shepheards Hunting.

ALEXIS.

Oh, but thy youth's yet greene, and young bloud
And *liberty* must needs be sweet to thee, (hot,
But now most sweet whil'st euery bushy *Dale*,
And *Grone* and *Hill*, rings of the *Nightingale*.

Me thinkes when thou remembrest those sweet *layes*,
Which thou would'st lead thy *Shepheardesse* to heare
Each euening forth among the *Leauy sprayes*,
The thoght of that should make thy freedom deere;
For now whil'st euery *Nimph* on *Holy-dayes*
Sports with some *Iolly Lad*, and maketh cheere,
Thine sighes for thee, and mew'd vp from resort,
Will neither play her selfe, nor see their sport.

There's *Shepheards* that were many a morning wont
Vnto their Boyes to leaue the tender *Heard*,
And beare thee company when thou didst hunt,
Cannot their songs thou hast so gladly heard,

Not

Nor thy *mift pleaſure* make thee thinke vpon't,
But ſeemes all vayne, now that was once indeat'd.
It cannot be, for I could make relation,
How for leſſe *cauſe* thou haſt been deep in *paſſion*.

ROGET.

Tis true: my tender heart was euer yet
Too capable of ſuch conceits as theſe;
I neuer ſaw that *Obiect* but from it,
The *Paſſions* of my *Loue*, I could encreaſe
Thoſe things which moue not other men a whit,
I can, and doe make vſe of, if I pleaſe:
VVhen I am ſad, to ſadneſſe I apply,
Each *Bird*, and *Tree*, and *Flower* that I paſſe by.

So when I will be merry, I aſwell
Something for mirth from euery thing can draw,
From *Miſery*, from *Priſons*, nay from *Hell*,
And as when to my *minde*, *griefe* giues a flaw,

Beſt

The Shepheards Hunting.

Beſt comforts doe but make my woes more fell,
So when I'me bent to *Mirth*, from miſchiefes pawe
(Though ceas'd vpon me) I would ſomething cull,
That ſpight of *care* ſhould make my *ioyes* more full.

I feele thoſe wants *Alexis* thou doeſt name,
Which ſpight of youth's affections I ſuſtaine;
Or elſe for what is't I haue gotten *fame*,
And am more knowne then many an *elder Swaine*?
If ſuch deſires I had not learn'd to tame,
Since many pipe much better on this *Plaine*:
But tune your *Reedes*, and I will in a *Song*
Expreſſe my *Care*, and how I take this *wrong*.

SONNET.

The Shepheards Hunting.

SONNET.

I That ere'ſt-while the worlds ſweet Ayre did draw,
(Grac'd by the fayreſt euer Mortall ſawe;)
Now cloſely pent, with walls of Ruth-leſſe ſtone,
Conſume my Dayes, and Nights, and all-alone.

When I was wont to ſing of Shepheards loues,
My walkes were Fields, and Downes, and Hilles, and (Groues,
But now (alas) ſo ſtrict is my hard doome,
Fields, Downes, Hils, Groues, & al's but one poore roome.

Each Morne aſſoone as Day-light did appeare,
With Natures Muſicke Birdes would charme mine eare;
Which now (inſtead) of their melodious ſtrawnes,
Heare ratling ſhackles, gyues, and boults, and chaines.

The Shepheards Hunting.

But though that all the world's delight forſake me,
I haue a Muſe and ſhe ſhall Muſicke make me;
Whoſe airy Notes in ſpight of cloſeſt cages,
Shall giue content to me, and after ages.

Nor doe I paſſe for all this outward ill.
My heart's the ſame, and vndeiected ſtill;
And whic'h is more then ſome in freedome winne,
I haue true reſt, and peace, and ioy within.

And then my Minde that ſpight of priſon's free,
When er'e ſhe pleaſes, any where can be;
Shee's in an houre in France, Roome, Turky, Spaine,
In Earth, in Hell, in Heauen, and here againe.

Yet there's another comfort in my woe,
My cauſe is ſpread, and all the world doth know
My fault's no more but ſpeaking Truth and Reaſon,
Nor Debt, nor Theft, nor Murther, Rape, nor Treaſon.

Nor

Nor shall my Foes with all their Might and Power,
Wipe out their shame, nor yet this Fame of our
Which when they finde they shall my Fate enuy,
Till they grow leane, and sicke, and mad, and dy.

Then though my Body here in Prison rot,
And my poore Satyrs seeme a while forgot,
Yet when both Fame and Life haue left those men,
My verse and I'le reuiue and liue agen.

So thus enclos'd, I beare afflictions load,
But with more true content then some abroad;
For whil'st their thoughts doe feele my scourges sting,
In bands Ile leape, and daunce, and laugh, and sing.

ALEXIS.

Why now I see thou droup'st not with thy care,
Neither exclaim'st thou on thy hunting day,
But dost with vnchang'd resolution beare,
The heauy burthen of exile away,

The Shepheards Hunting.

All that did truly know thee did conceaue,
Thy actions with thy ſpirit ſtill agree'd;
Their good conceit thou doeſt no whit bereaue,
But ſhoweſt that thou art ſtill thy ſelfe indeed.
If that thy minde to baſeneſſe now deſcends,
Thou'lt iniure Vertue, and deceaue thy friends.

WILLY.

Alexis, he will iniure Vertue much,
But more his friends, and moſt of all himſelfe,
If on that common barre his *minde* but touch,
It wracks his fame vpon diſgraces ſhelfe:
Yet *Roget*, if thou ſtere but on the courſe,
That in thy iuſt aduenture is begunne;
No thwarting Tide, nor aduerſe blaſt ſhall force
Thy *Barke* without the Channels bounds to runne,
Thou art the ſame thou wert for ought I ſee,
When thou didſt freely on the Mountaines hunt,
In nothing changed yet, vnleſſe it be

More

More merrily disposd then thou wert wont,
Still keepe thee thus, so other men shall know,
Vertue can giue content in midst of woe.
And he though *mightinesse* with frownes doth threat,
To be yet *Innocent* is to be *great*.
Thriue and farewell.

ALEXIS. In this thy trouble florish.

CVDDY.

While those that wish thee ill, fret, pine, and perish.

FINIS.

To his truely beloued louing Friend, Mr. VVILLIAM BROWNE, of the Inner Temple.

The fourth Eglogue.

ARGVMENT.

ROGET *here on* WILLY *calls,*
To sing out his Pastorals:
Warrants Fame *shall grace his Rimes,*
Spight of Envy *and the Times;*
And shewes how in care he vses,
To take comfort from his Muses.

ROGET. WILLY.

PRethy WILLY tell me this,
What new accident there is,
That thou (once the blytheſt Lad)
Art become ſo wondrous ſad?

The Shepheards Hunting.

And ſo careleſſe of thy quill,
As if thou had'ſt loſt thy skill.
Thou wert wont to charme thy Flockes,
And among theſe rudeſt rockes
Haſt ſo cheer'd me with thy Song,
That I haue forgot my wrong.
Something hath thee ſurely croſt,
That thy old wont thou haſt loſt,
Tell me, Haue I ought miſ-ſaid
That hath made thee illa-paid?
Hath ſome Churle done thee a ſpight?
Doſt thou miſſe a Lambe to night?
Frownes thy faireſt Shepheards Laſſe?
Or how comes this ill to paſſe?
Is there any diſcontent
Worſe then this my baniſhment?

WILLY.

Why, doth that ſo euill ſeeme
That thou nothing worſe doſt deeme?

Shepheard,

The Shepheards Hunting.

Shepheard, there full many be,
That will change *Contents* with thee.
Thoſe that chooſe their walkes at will,
On the Valley or the Hill.
Or thoſe pleaſures boaſt of can
Groues or fields may yeeld to man:
Neuer come to know the reſt
Wherewithall thy minde is bleſt.
Many a one that oft reſorts
To make vp the troope at ſports,
And in company ſome while
Happens to ſtraine forth a ſmile:
Feeles more want, more outward ſmart
And more inward griefe of hart,
Then this place can bring to thee,
While thy minde remaineth free.
Thou condemn'ſt my want of mirth,
But what find'ſt thou in this earth,
Wherein ought may be beleeu'd,
Worth to make me ioy'd, or grieued?

And

And yet feele I (naitheleſſe)
Part of both I muſt confeſſe,
Sometime I of Mirth doe borrow,
Otherwhile as much of ſorrow,
But my preſent ſtate is ſuch,
I'me nor Ioy'd, nor greeued much.

ROGET.

Why hath WILLY then ſo long
Thus forborne his wonted ſong?
Wherefore doth he now let fall,
His well-tuned *Paſterall*?
And my cares that Muſicke barre,
Which I more long after farre,
Then the liberty I want.

WILLY.

That were very much to graunt.
But doth this hold alway lad,

Theſe

The Shepheards Hunting.

Thoſe that ſing not muſt be ſad?
Did'ſt thou euer that bird heare
Sing well, that ſings all the yeere?
Tom the *Piper* doth not play
Till he weares his Pipe away:
There's a time to ſlacke the ſtring,
And a time to leaue to ſing.

ROGET.

Yea, but no man now is Quill,
That can ſing, or tune a quill.
Now to chant it, were but reaſon,
Song and *Muſicke* are in ſeaſon.
Now in this ſweet iolly tide,
Is the earth in all her pride.
The faire Lady of the *May*
Trim'd vp in her beſt array
Hath inuited all the Swaines,
With the Laſſes of the Plaines
To attend vpon her ſport
At the places of reſort.

Corride

The Shepheards Hunting.

Corridon (with his bold Rout)
Hath already beene about
For the elder Shepheards dole,
And fetch'd in the *Summer-Pole*:
Whilſt the reſt haue built a *Bower*,
To defend them from a ſhower,
Seil'd ſo cloſe with boughes all greene,
Tytan cannot pry betweene.
Now the *Dayrie Wenches* dreame
Of their Strawberries and Creame:
And each doth her ſelfe aduance
To be taken in, to dance:
Euery one that knowes to ſing,
Fits him for his Carolling:
So doe thoſe that hope for meede,
Eyther by the Pipe or Reede,
And though I am kept away,
I doe heare (this very day)
Many learned Groomes doe wend,
For the Garlands to contend.

Which

Which a Nimph that hight *Deſart*,
(Long a ſtranger in this part)
With her owne faire hand hath wrought
A rare worke (they ſay) paſt thought,
As appeareth by the name,
For ſhe calles them *Wreathes of fame.*
She hath ſet in their due place
Bu'ry flower that may grace,
And among a thouſand moe,
(V V hereof ſome but ſerue for ſhow)
She hath woue in *Daphnes* tree,
That they may not blaſted bee.
Which with *Time* ſhe edg'd about,
Leaſt the worke ſhould rauell out.
And that it might wither neuer,
Intermixt it with *Liue-euer.*
Theſe are to be ſhar'd among
Thoſe that do excell for ſong:
Or their paſſions can rehearſe,
In the ſmooth'ſt and ſweeteſt verſe.

Then

The Shepheards Hunting.

Then for thoſe among the reſt,
That can play and pipe the beſt.
There's a Kidling with the Damme,
A fat Weather, and a Lambe.
And for thoſe that leapen farre,
Wraſtle, Runne, and throw the Barre,
There's appointed guerdons to,
He that beſt the firſt can doe
Shall for his reward be paid,
With a *Sheepe-hooke*, faire in-laid
With fine bone, of a ſtrange beaſt,
That men bring from out the weſt.
For the next, a *Scrip* of red,
Taſſel'd with fine coloured thred.
There's prepared for their need,
That in running make moſt ſpeed,
Or the cunning meaſures foot,
Cups of turned *Maple-roote*,
Whereupon the skilfull man
Hath ingrau'd the *Loues* of *Pan*:
And the laſt hath for his due

The Shepheards Hunting.

A fine Napking wrought with blew.
Then my *Willy* why art thou
Careleſſe of thy merit now?
VVhat doſt here with a wight
That is ſhut vp from delight,
In a ſolitary den
As not fit to liue with men?
Goe my *Willy* get thee gone,
Leaue me in exile alone.
Hye thee to that merry throng,
And amaze them with thy *Song*,
Thou art young, yet ſuch a *Lay*
Neuer grac'd the month of May,
As (if they prouoke thy skill)
Thou canſt fit vnto thy *Quill*.
I with wonder heard thee ſing,
At our laſt yeeres Reuelling.
Then I with the reſt was free,
VVhen vnknowne I noted thee:
And perceiu'd the ruder Swaines,
Enuy thy farre ſweeter ſtraines.

Yea

The Shepheards Hunting.

Yea, I ſaw the *Laſſes* cling
Round about thee in a Ring:
As if each one iealous were,
Any but her ſelfe ſhould heare.
And I know they yet doe long
For the res'due of thy ſong.
Haſte thee then to ſing it forth,
Take the benefit of worth.
And *Deſert* will ſure bequeath
Fames faire garland for thy wreath.
Hye thee *Willy*, hye away.

WILLY.

Reget rather let me ſtay,
And be deſolate with thee,
Then at thoſe their *Revels* be,
Nought ſuch is my skill I wis,
As in deed thou deem'ſt it is.
But what ere it be, I muſt
Be content, and ſhall I truſt.

For

For a long I doe not paſſe,
Mong'ſt my friends, but what (alas)
Should I haue to doe with them
That my Muſicke doe contemne?
Some there are, as well I wot,
That the ſame yet fauour not:
Yet I cannot well auow,
They my Carrols diſallow.
But ſuch malice I haue ſpid,
Tis as much as if they did.

ROGET.

Willy, what may thoſe men be
Are ſo ill to malice thee?

WILLY.

Some are worthy-well eſteem'd
Some without worth are ſo deem'd.

Others of ſo baſe a ſpirit,
They haue nor eſteeme, nor merit.

ROGET.

What's the wrong?

WILLY.

A ſlight offence,
Wherewithall I can diſpence;
But hereafter for their ſake,
To my ſelfe I'le muſicke make.

ROGET.

What, becauſe ſome Clowne offends,
Wilt thou puniſh all thy friends?

WILLY.

The Shepheards Hunting.

WILLY.

Honeſt *Roget* vnderſtand me,
Thoſe that loue me may command me.
But thou know'ſt I am but young,
And the *Paſtorall* I ſung,
Is by ſome ſuppos'd to be,
(By a ſtraine) too high for me:
So they kindely let me gaine,
Not my labour for my paine.
Truſt me, I doe wonder why
They ſhould me my owne deny.
Though I'me young, I ſcorne to flit,
On the wings of borrowed wit.
I'le make my owne feathers reare me,
Whither others cannot beare me.
Yet I'le keepe my skill in ſtore,
Till I'ue ſeene ſome Winters more.

The Shepheards Hunting.

ROGET.

But in earneſt mean'ſt thou ſo?
Then thou art not wiſe, I trow.
Better ſhall aduiſe thee *Pan*,
For thou doſt not rightly than:
That's the ready way to blot
All the credit thou haſt got.
Rather in thy Ages prime,
Get another ſtart of Time:
And make thoſe that ſo fond be,
(Spight of their owne dulneſſe) ſee
That the ſacred *Muſes* can
Make a childe in yeeres, a man.
It is knowne what thou canſt doe,
For it is not long agoe,
When that CVDDY, *Thou*, and I
Each the others skill to try,
At Saint *Dunſtanes* charmed Well,
(As ſome preſent there can tell)

Sang

The Shepheards Hunting.

Sang vpon a ſudden Theame,
Sitting by the Crimſon ſtreame.
Where, if thou didſt well or no,
Yet remaines the ſong to ſhow.
Much experience more I've had
Of thy skill (thou happy Lad)
And would make the world to know it;
But that time will further ſhow it.
Enuy makes their tongues now runne,
More then doubt of what is done.
For that needs muſt be thy owne,
Or to be ſome others knowne:
But how then wilt ſuit vnto
What thou ſhalt hereafter do?
Or I wonder where is hee,
Would with that ſong part to thee:
Nay, were there ſo mad a Swaine,
Could ſuch glory ſell for gaine;
Phœbus would not haue combin'd,
That gift with ſo baſe a mind.

The Shepheards Hunting.

Neuer did the *Nine* impart
The ſweet ſecrets of their Art
Vnto any that did ſcorne
We ſhould ſee their fauors worne,
Therefore vnto thoſe that ſay,
Where they pleas'd to ſing a Lay,
They could doo't, and will not tho;
This I ſpeake, for this I know:
None ere drunke the *Theſpian ſpring*,
And knew how, but he did ſing.
For that once infus'd in man,
Makes him ſhew't, doe what he can,
Nay thoſe that doe onely ſip
Or but eu'n their fingers dip
In that ſacred *Fount* (poore Elues)
Of that brood will ſhew themſelues;
Yea, in hope to get them fame,
They will ſpeake though to their ſhame,
Let thoſe then at thee repine,
That by their wits meaſure thine,

Needs

Needs thoſe Songs muſt be thine owne,
And that one day will be knowne,
The ſame imputation to,
I my ſelfe doe vndergoe:
But it will appeare ere long,
I'me abus'd, and thou haſt wrong,
Who at twice ten haſt ſung more,
Then ſome will doe at foureſcore.
Cheere thee (honeſt *Willy*) then,
And begin thy ſong agen.

WILLY.

Faine I would, but I doe feare
When againe my Lines they heare,
If they yeeld they are my Rimes,
They will faine ſome other Crimes,
And 'tis no ſafe ventring by,
Where we ſee *Detraction* ly.

The Shepheards Hunting.

For doe what I can, I doubt,
She will picke some quarrell out,
And I oft haue heard defended,
Little said, and soone amended.

ROGET.

See'st thou not in cleerest daves
Oft thick fogges cloud Heauens rayes?
And the vapours that doe breath
From the earths grosse wombe beneath,
Seeme they not with their blacke steames,
To pollute the Sunnes bright beames,
And yet vanish into aire,
Leauing it (vnblemisht) faire?
So (my *Willy*) shall it be
With *Detractions* breath and thee.
It shall neuer rise so hie,
As to staine thy Poesie.

As

The Shepheards Hunting.

As that Sunne doth oft exhale,
Vapours from each rotten Vale,
Poesie so sometime draines,
Grosse conceits from muddy braines;
Mists of Enuy, fogs of spight,
Twixt mens iudgements and her light:
But so much her power may doo,
That she can dissolue them too.
If thy verse do bravely tower,
As she makes wing, she gets power.
Yet the higher she doth sore,
Shee's affronted still the more:
Till she to the high'st hath past,
Then she rests with fame at last.
Let nought therefore thee affright,
But make forward in thy flight:
For if I could match thy Rime,
To the very starres I'de clime.
There begin againe and flye
Till I reach'd Æternity.

But

The Shepheards Hunting.

But (alas) my Muſe is ſlow:
For thy pace ſhe flagges too low:
Yea, the more's her hapleſſe fate,
Her ſhort wings were clipt of late.
And poore I, her fortune ruing,
Am my ſelfe put vp a muing.
But if I my Cage can rid,
I'le flye where I neuer did.
And though for her ſake I'me croſt,
Though my beſt hopes I haue loſt,
And knew ſhe would make my trouble,
Ten times more then ten times double:
I would loue and keepe her to,
Spight of all the world could doe.
For though baniſht from my flockes,
And confin'd within theſe rockes,
Here I waſte away the light,
And conſume the ſullen Night,
She doth for my comfort ſtay,
And keepes many cares away.

Though

The Shepheards Hunting.

Though I misse the flowry Fields,
With those sweets the Spring-tide yeelds,
Though I may not see those Groues,
Where the Shepheards chaunt their Loues,
And the Lasses more excell,
Then the sweet-voyc'd *Philomel*,
Though of all those pleasures past,
Nothing now remaines at last,
But *Remembrance* (poore reliefe)
That more makes, then mends my griefe:
She's my minds companion still,
Maugre Enuies euill will.
(Whence she should be driuen to,
Wer't in mortals power to do.)
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the mid'st of sorrow;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace;
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.

In

The Shepheards Hunting.

In my former dayes of blisse,
Her diuine skill taught me this,
That from euery thing I saw,
I could some inuention draw:
And raise pleasure to her height,
Through the meanest obiects sight,
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least boughes rusteling.
By a Dazie whose leaues spred
Shut when *Tytan* goes to bed,
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in mee,
Then all Natures beauties can,
In some other wiser man.
By her helpe I also now,
Make this churlish place allow
Somethings, that may sweeten gladnesse
In the very gall of sadnesse.
The dull loanesse, the blacke shade,
That these hanging vaults haue made,

The

The Shepheards Hunting.

The ſtrange Muſicke of the waues,
Beating on theſe hollow Caues.
This black den which Rockes emboſſe,
Ouer-growne with eldeſt moſſe.
The rude portals that giue light,
More to *Terror* then *Delight.*
This my Chamber of *Neglect*,
Wal'd about with *Diſreſpect*,
From all theſe, and this dull aire,
A fit obiect for Deſpaire,
Shee hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore *thou beſt earthly bliſſe*
I will cheriſh thee for this.
Poeſie; thou ſweet'ſt content
That ere Heau'n to mortals lent.
Though they as a trifle leaue thee
Whoſe dull thoughts can not conceiue thee
Though thou be to them a ſcorne
That to nought but earth are borne:

The Shepheards Hunting.

Let my life no longer be,
Then I am in loue with thee.
Though our wiſe ones call it madneſſe,
Let me neuer taſte of gladneſſe
If I loue not thy mad'ſt fits
Aboue all their greateſt wits.
And though ſome too ſeeming holy
Doe account thy raptures folly:
Thou doſt teach me to contemne
What makes *Knaues* and *Fooles* of them.
O high power that oft doth carry
Men aboue,

WILLY.

Good *Roget* tarry
I doe feare thou wilt be gon
Quite aboue my reach anon,
The kinde flames of Poeſy
Haue now borne thy thoughts ſo high,

That

That they vp in Heauen be
And haue quite forgotten mee.
Call thy ſelfe to minde againe
Are theſe Raptures for a Swaine,
That attends on lowly ſheepe
And with ſimple heards doth keepe?

ROGET.

Thanke me my *Willy*, I had runne
Till that Time had log'd the Sunne,
If thou had'ſt not made me ſtay;
But thy pardon heere I pray.
Lou'd *Apollo's* ſacred fire
Has rais'd vp my ſpirits higher
Through the loue of Poeſy,
Then indeed they vſe to flye.
But as I ſaid, I ſay ſtill,
If that I had *Willo's* skill
Enuy nor Detractions tongue,
Should ere make me leaue my ſong:

But I'de ſing it euery day
Till they pin'd themſelues away.
Bee thou then aduis'd in this
Which both iuſt and fitting is,
Finiſh what thou haſt begunne
Or at leaſt ſtill forward runne:
Haile and Thunder ill he'le beare
That a blaſt of winde doth feare:
And if words will thus affray thee,
Prethee how will deeds diſmay thee?
Doe not thinke ſo rathe a ſong
Can paſſe through the vulgar throng,
And eſcape without a touch,
Or that they can hurt it much:
Froſts we ſee doe nip that thing
Which is forward's in the Spring:
Yet at laſt for all ſuch lets
Somewhat of the reſt it gets:
And I'me ſure that ſo maiſt thou,
Therefore my kinde *Willy* now,

Since

Since thy folding time draweth on
And I see thou must be gon,
Thee I earnestly beseech
To remember this my speech,
And some little counsell take,
For thy poore friend *Rogers* sake:
And I more of this will say,
If thou come next Holy-day.

FINIS.

To Maſter *W. F.* of the *Middle Temple.*

The fift Eglogue.

ARGVMENT.

ROGET here ALEXIS *moues,*
To embrace the Muſes loues;
Bids him neuer careſull ſeeme,
Of anothers diſeſteeme:
Since to them it may ſuffize,
That themſelues can iuſtly prize.

ROGET. ALEXIS.

ALEXIS if thy worth doe not diſdaine
The humble friendſhip of a meaner Swain
Or ſome more needful buſines of the day
Vrge thee to be too haſty on thy way;
Com

The Shepheards Hunting.

Come (gentle Shepheard) reſt thee here by me,
Vnder the ſhadow of this broad-leau'd tree:
For though I ſeeme a ſtranger, yet mine eye
Obſerues in thee the markes of curteſie:
And if my iudgement erre not, noted too
More then in thoſe that more would ſeeme to doe;
Such *vertues* thy rare modeſty doth hide
Which by their proper luſter I eſpy'd;
And though long mask't in ſilence they haue beene
I haue a wiſedome through that ſilence ſeene:
Yea, I haue learned knowledge from thy tongue,
And heard when thou haſt in concealement ſung:
Which me the bolder and more willing made
Thus to inuite thee to this homely ſhade.
And though (it may be) thou couldſt neuer ſpye
Such worth in me, I might be knowne thereby,
In thee I doe; for here my neighbouring ſheepe
Vpon the border of theſe downes I keepe:
Where often thou at Paſtorals and playes,
Haſt grac'd our Wakes on Sommer Holy-dayes:

And many a time with thee at this cold ſpring
Merl, to heare your learned ſhepheards ſing,
Saw them diſporting in the ſhady groues,
And in chaſte Sonnets wooe their chaſter loues:
When I endued with the meaneſt skill,
Mongſt others haue beene vrg'd to tune my quill,
Where (cauſe but little cunning I had got)
Perhaps thou ſaw'ſt me, though thou knew'ſt me not

ALEXIS.

Yes *Roget*, I doe know thee and thy name,
Nor is my knowledge grounded all on fame,
Art not thou hee, that but this other yeere,
Scar'd'ſt all the Wolues and Foxes in the ſheere?
And in a match at Foot-ball lately try'd
(Hauing ſcarce twenty Satyres on thy ſide)
Held'ſt play: and though aſſailed, kept'ſt thy ſtand
Gainſt all the beſt-try'd Ruffians in the land?

Did'ſt

Did'ſt thou not then in dolefull Sonnets mone,
When the beloued of great *Pan* was gone;
And at the wedding of faire THAME & RHINE,
Sing of their glories to thy Valentine?
I know it, and I muſt confeſſe that long
In one thing I did doe thy nature wrong:
For till I markt the aime thy Satyres had,
I thought them ouerbold and *Roget* mad;
But ſince I did more neerely on thee looke
I ſoone perceiu'd that I had all miſtooke;
I ſaw that of a Cynicke thou mad'ſt ſhow
Where ſince I finde that thou wert nothing ſo,
And that of many thou much blame hadſt got
When as thy Innocence deſeru'd it not.
But this too good opinion thou haſt ſeem'd
To haue of me (not ſo to be eſteem'd)
Preuailes not ought to ſtay him who doth feare
Hee rather ſhould reproofes then praiſes heare
'Tis true, I found thee plaine and honeſt to,
Which made me like, then loue, as now I doe.

And *Roget* though a ſtranger this I ſay
Where I doe loue I am not coy to ſtay.

ROGET.

Thankes gentle Swaine that doſt ſo ſoone vnfolde
What I to thee as gladly would haue tolde
And thus thy wonted curteſie expreſt
In kindely entertaining this requeſt:
Sure I ſhould iniury my owne content
Or wrong thy loue to ſtand on complement,
Who haſt acquaintance in one word begunne
As well as I could in an age haue done:
Or by an ouerweaning ſlowneſſe marre
What thy more wiſedome hath brought on ſo farre
Then ſit thou downe and I'le my minde declare
As freely, as if wee familiars were:
And if thou wilt but daigne to giue me eare
Something thou maiſt for thy more profit heare.

ALEX.

ALEXIS.

Willingly *Roget* I thy wish obey.

ROGET.

Then know *Alexis* from that very day
When as I saw thee at that Shepheards Coate
Where each I thinke of other tooke first noate,
I meane that Pastor who by *Tauies* springs
Chast Shepheards loues in sweetest numbers sings,
And with his Muſicke (to his greater fame)
Hath late made proud the faireſt Nimphs of Thame.
E'ne then mee thought I did eſpy in thee
Some vnperceiu'd and hidden worth to be,
Which in thy more apparant vertues shin'd
And among many I in thought deuin'd,
By ſomething my conceit had vnderſtood
That thou were ought one of the Muſes brood,
That made me loue thee: And that loue I beare
Begat a Pitty, and that Pitty Care:

The Shepheards Hunting.

Pitty I had to see good parts conceal'd,
Care I had how to have that good reueal'd,
Since 'tis a fault admitteth no excuse
To possesse much and yet put nought in vse:
Hereon I vow'd (if ere to euer met)
The first request that I would frame to get
Should be but it is, that thou wouldst shew thy skill,
How thou could'st tune thy verses to thy quill:
And teach thy Muse in some well framed song,
To shew the Art thou hast suppress so long:
Which if my new acquaintance may obtaine
Roger will euer honour this dayes gaine.

ALEXIS.

Alas! my small experience scarce can tell
So much as where those Nymphes the Muses dwell,
Nor (though my flame conceiu'd still trauels on)
Shall I ere reach to drinke of Hellicon;

Or

The Shepheards Hunting.

Or I am glad so fauour'd be to taste
What sleeke sweet Hearbes but ouer-flow in waste,
And touch *Parnassus*, where it lowest doth lye,
I feare my skill would hardly flagge so hye.

ROGET.

Dispayre not Man, the Gods haue priz'd nought
So deere that may not be with labour bought,
Nor need my name be great since Fate and Heauen
That (as a birthing) at thy birth haue giuen.

ALEXIS.

Why say they had?

ROGET.

Then vse their gifts thou must,
Or be vngratefull, and so be vniust:
For if it cannot truly be deny'd,
Ingratitude mens benefits doe hide;
Then more vngratefull must he be by oddes
Who doth conceale the bounty of the Gods.

ROGET.

The Shepheards Hunting.

ROGET.

That's true indeed, but Enuy haunteth thoſe
Who ſeeking fame their hidden skill diſcloſe:
Where elſe they might (obſcur'd) from her eſpying,
Eſcape the blaſts and danger of enuying:
Critickes will cenſure our beſt ſtraines of Wit,
And purblinde Ignorance miſconſter it.
All which is bad, yet worſe then this doth follow,
Moſt hate the Muſes, and contemne *Apollo*.

ALEXIS.

So let them: why ſhould we their hate eſteeme?
Is't not enough we of our ſelues can deeme?
Tis more to their diſgrace that we ſcorne them
Then vnto vs that they our Art contemne;
Can we haue better paſtime then to ſee
Their groſſe heads may ſo much deceiued be,

As

As to allow those d ings best where wholly
We scotte them to their face, and flout their folly:
Or to behold blacke Enuy in her prime,
Die selfe-consum'd whilst we vie liues with time:
And in despight of her, more fame attaine
Then all her malice can wipe out againe?

ROGET.

Yea but if I apply'd me to those straines,
Who should driue forth my flocks vnto the plaines
Which whilst the Muses rest, and leasure craue,
Must watering, folding, and attendance haue.
For if I leaue with wonted care to cherish
Those tender heards: both I and they should perish

ALEXIS.

Alexis now I see thou dost mistake,
There is no meaning thou thy charge forsake;

No

Nor would I wish thee so thy selfe abuse
As to neglect thy calling for thy Muse:
But let these two so of each other borrow,
That they may season mirth, and lessen sorrow.
Thy flocke will helpe thy charges to defray,
Thy muse to passe the long and tedious day.
Or whilst thou runn'st sweet measures to thy *Reed*
Thy sheep to listen will more neere thee feed,
The wolues will shun them, birds aboue thee sing,
And Lambkins dance about thee in a Ring;
Nay which is more: in this thy low estate
Thou in contentment shalt with Monarkes mate:
For mighty *Pan*, and *Ceres* to vs grants
Our fields and flockes shall helpe our outward wants.
The Muses teach vs songs to put off cares,
Grac'd with as rare and sweet conceits as theirs:
And we can thinke our Lasses on the greenes
As faire, or fairer, then the faireſt Queenes;
Or what is more then most of them shall doe,
Wee'le make their iuster fames last longer to,

Hauing

The Shepheards Hunting.

Hauing our Lines by greateſt Princes grac'd
When both their name and memory's defac'd.
Therefore *Alexis* though that ſome diſdaine
The heauenly muſicke of the Rurall plaine,
What is't to vs, if they (or'e ſeene) contemne
The dainties which were nere ordain'd for them?
And though that there be other ſome enuy
The praiſes due to ſacred Poeſie,
Let them diſdaine and fret till they are weary,
We in our ſelues haue that ſhall make vs merry:
VVhich he that wants, and had the power to know it,
VVould giue his life that he might dye a Poet.

ALEXIS.

A braue perſwaſion.

ROGER.

Here thou ſee'ſt me pent
VVithin the iawes of ſtrict imprisonment;

The Shepheards Hunting.

A forlorne *Shepheard*, voyd of all the meanes,
Whereon Mans common hope in danger leanes:
Weake in my selfe. Exposed to the *Hate*
Of those whose *Enuyes* are insatiate:
Shut from my Friends, banish'd from all delights,
Nay worse; excluded from the sacred *Rites*.
Here I doe liue (mongst out-lawes markt for death)
As one vnfit to draw the common breath,
Where those who to be good did neuer know
Are barred from the meanes should make them so.
I suffer, cause I wish'd my Countrey well,
And what I more must beare I cannot tell.
I'me sure they giue my body little scope,
And would allow my *Minde* as little *Hope*,
I waste my Meanes, which of it selfe is slender,
Consume my Time (perhaps my Fortunes hinder)
And many Crosses haue, which those that can
Conceaue no wrong that hurts another man
Will not take note of, though if halfe so much
Should light on them, or their owne person touch,

Some

The Shepheards Hunting.

Some that themſelues (I feare) moſt worthy thinke
With all their helpes would into baſeneſſe ſhrinke,
But ſpight of *Hate*, and all that ſpight can doe,
I can be patient yet, and merry too;
That ſlender *Muſe* of mine, by which my *Name*,
Though ſcarce deſeru'd hath gaind a little fame,
Hath made me vnto ſuch a Fortune borne,
That all misfortunes I know how to ſcorne;
Yea, midſt theſe bands can ſleight the *Great'ſt* that be
As much as their diſdaine miſſeemes of me.
This Caue whoſe very preſence ſome affrights
I haue oft made to Eccho forth delights,
And hope to turne, if any Iuſtice be,
Both Shame and Care on thoſe that wiſht it me:
For while the world ranck villanies affords,
I will not ſpare to paint them out in words;
Becauſe I thus into theſe troubles runne,
I knew what man could act, e're I begun;
And I'le fulfill what my Muſe drawes me to,
Maugre all Iayles, and Purgatories to.

For

The Shepheards Hunting.

For whil'ſt ſhe ſets me honeſt taſk's about,
Vertue or ſhee I know will heare me out:
And if by *Fate* th'abuſed power of ſome,
Muſt in the worlde eve leaue me ouercome.
They ſhall finde one fort yet to fenc'd I trow,
It cannot feele a mortale ouerthrow.
This Hope and truſt that great power did infuſe,
That firſt inſpir'd into my breſt a *Muſe*,
By whom I doe, and euer will contemne
All theſe ill haps, my foes deſpight, and them.

ALEXIS.

Thou haſt ſo well (young *Roget*) plaid thy part
I am almoſt in loue with that ſweet Art:
And if ſome power will but inſpire my long.
Alexis will not be obſcured long.

ROGET.

ROGET.

Enough kinde Paſtor: But oh! yond: I ſee
Two honeſt Shepheards walking hither be,
Curry and *Willy*, that ſo dearely loue,
Who are repayring vnto yonder Groue:
Let's follow them: for neuer brauer Swaines
Made muſicke to their flockes vpon theſe plaines.
They are more worthy, and can better tell
What rare contents doe with a Poet dwell.
Then whiles our ſheep the ſhort ſweet graſſe do ſhear,
And till the long ſhade of the hils appeare,
Wee'le heare them ſing: for though the one be yong,
Neuer was any that more ſweetly ſung.

FINIS.

thi
no
yo
yo
lea

A Poſtſcript

To the READERS.

IF you haue read this, and receiued any content, I am glad (though it be not ſo much as I could wiſh you,) if you thinke it idle, why then I ſee wee are not likely to fall out; for I am iuſt of your mindes: yet weigh it well before you runne too farre in your cenſures, leaſt this proue leſſe barren of wit then

you of courteſie. It is very true (I know not by what chance) that I haue of late beene ſo highly beholding to *Opinion*, that I wonder how I crept ſo much into her fauour, and (if I did thinke it worthy the feariug,) I ſhould be afraid that ſhee hauing ſo vndeſeruedly befriended me beyond my *Hope* or expectation, will, vpon as little cauſe, ere long, againe pick ſome quarrell againſt me: and it may be, meanes to make vſe of *this*, which I know muſt needs come farre ſhort of their expectation, who

by

by their earneſt deſire of it ſeem'd to be fore-poſſeſt with a farre better conceit then I can beleeue it proues worthy of. So much at-leaſt I doubted, and therefore loath to deceiue the world (though it often beguile me) I kept it to my ſelfe, indeed not dreaming euer to ſee it publiſhed: But now, by the ouermuch perſwaſion of ſome friends, I haue beene conſtrayned to expoſe it to the generall view. VVhich ſeeing I haue done, Some things I deſire thee to take notice of. Firſt, that I am *Hee* vvho to pleaſure

my friend, haue fram'd my ſelfe a content out of that vvhich vvould otherwiſe diſcontent me. Secondly, that I haue coueted more to effect what I thinke truely honeſt in it ſelfe, then by a ſeeming ſhow of Art, to catch the vaine blaſts of vncertaine *Opinion*. This that I haue here vvritten, vvas no part of my ſtudy, but onely a recreation in impriſonment: and a trifle, neyther in my conceit fitting, nor by me intended to be made common; yet ſome, and it ſhould ſeeme eſteeming it worthy more

reſpect

reſpect then I did, tooke paines to copie it out, vnknowne to me, and in my abſence got it both Authorized and prepared for the *Preſſe*; ſo that if I had not hindred it, laſt *Michaelmas-Tearme* had beene troubled with it. I was much blamed by ſome Friends for withſtanding it, to whoſe requeſt I ſhould more eaſily haue conſented, but that I thought (as indeed I yet doe) I ſhould thereby more diſparage my ſelfe, then content them. For I doubt I ſhall be ſuppoſed one of thoſe, who out of their

arrogant deſire of a little prepoſterous *Fame*, thruſt into the world euery vnſeaſoned trifle that drops out of their vnſetled braines; whoſe baſeneſſe how much I hate, thoſe that know mee can vvitneſſe, for if I vvere ſo affected, I might perhaps preſent the vvorld with as many ſeuerall *Poems* as I haue ſeene yeeres; and iuſtly make my ſelfe appeare to be the Author of ſome things that others haue ſhamefully vſurped and made vſe of as their owne. But I will be content other men ſhould owne

ſome

ſome of thoſe Iſſues of the *Braine*, for I would be loth to confeſſe all that might in that kinde call me Father. Neyther ſhall any more of them, by my conſent, in haſt againe trouble the world, vnleſſe I know which vvay to benefit it vvith leſſe preiudice to my owne eſtate. And therefore if any of thoſe leſſe ſerious *Poems* which are already diſperſt into my friends hands, come amongſt you, let not their publication be imputed to mee, nor their lightneſſe be any diſparagement to vvhat hath beene ſince

more

more ſeriouſly written, ſeeing it is but ſuch ſtuffe as riper iudgements haue in their far older yeeres beene much more guilty of.

I know an indifferent *Critticke* may finde many faults as well in the ſleightneſſe of this preſent *Subiect*, as in the erring from the true nature of an *Eglogue*: moreouer, it altogether concernes my ſelfe, vvhich diuers may diſlike. But neyther can be done on iuſt cauſe: The firſt hath beene anſwered already: the laſt might conſider that I vvas there

whete

vvhere my owne eſtate vvas chiefely to be looked vnto, and all the comfort I could miniſter vnto my ſelfe little enough.

If any man deeme it worthy his reading, I ſhall be glad: if hee thinke his paynes ill beſtow'd, let him blame himſelfe for medling with that concerned him not; I neyther recommended it to him, neyther cared whether he read it or no, becauſe I know thoſe that vvere deſirous of it, will eſteeme the ſame as much as I expect they ſhould.

But

But it is not vnlikely, ſome vvill thinke I haue in diuers places beene more wanton (as they take it) then befitteth a *Satyriſt*; yet their ſeueritie I feare not, becauſe I am aſſured all that I euer yet did, was free from *Obſcœnitie*: neyther am I ſo *Cynicall*, but that I thinke a modeſt expreſſion of ſuch amorous conceits as ſute with Reaſon, will yet very well become my yeeres; in which not to haue feeling of the power of *Loue*, were as great an argument of much ſtupiditie, as an ouer-ſottiſh affe-

ction

ction were of extreame folly. Laſtly, if you thinke it hath not well anſwered the title of the *Shepheards Hunting*, goe quarrell with the *Stationer*, who bid himſelfe God-father, and impoſed the *name* according to his owne liking, and if you, or he, finde any other faults, pray mend them.

Valete.

FINIS.